The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1911.

BOOKER STILL TALKING SENSE.

Wilberforce University is one of the oldest and strongest of the institutions for the higher education of the negro in this country. It was founded by the late Daniel A. Payne, Bishop, and one of the leading spirits in the establishment of the African Methodist Church. The late commencement occasion was converted into a sort of memorial celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of this eminent man, and it was made all the more memorable by the notable address of Booker Washington, which abounded in striking epigram and sound advice to the negroes of the country, and particularly the negroes of the South.

About two weeks ago the Colored Baptist Missionary Conference of New England resolved to storm Mr. Taft in the White House at Washington with a delegation of 5,000 negroes from New England to demand his co-operation in righting the wrongs from which the negroes in the South are alleged to be suffering. It was a foolish and mischievous thing for the Yankee negroes to suggest, and it will be even more foolish and mischievous if the proposed pilgrimage shall be undertaken.

Booker Washington knows the South and the Southern negro better than any other negro has ever known them, and there was a great deal in what he said at Wilberforce bearing upon the present and future of the race. His text was taken from the Holy Scriptures—"The heavens were opened and I saw visions of God," and his argument was that here in the South the American negro must work out his own salvation; for in the Southern States where the bulk of the negroes live—9,000,000 of them—there are "opportunities for development in material, educational, professional and religious directions," to be found nowhere else in this country, or in the world. Besides using the strength of numbers to improve their condition, the negroes must cultivate pride of race. "If there is any one human being whom I detest," said Washington, "it is the man or woman who is ashamed of the race to which he or she belongs; who is all the time trying to get away from the race; who would rather be a third-rate white man than a first-rate black man." Washington would have the negro to be what he is, what he cannot help being, what he is not responsible for being, and, to make the best possible negro of himself, he would have the Southern negro to plant himself in the South to stay, to enlarge his possessions, to own its soil, or so much of it as he can turn to good account; for, as he expressed it, "a landless race means a poverty-stricken race; a landless race means a dependent race, with uncertain employment, one that lives by picking up odd jobs here and there; a landless race means a non-taxpaying race, an unsettled race, a thriftless race."

Washington would have the negroes to buy land in the South, and to buy it now. Two hundred million acres, or over 50 per cent. of the total land area of the South, is unimproved. It can never be bought so cheaply again as it can be bought now. There has been an enormous increase in the value of land in the South in recent years. Lands which were selling at from $2.50 to $15 the acre fifteen years ago are now selling at from $20 to $100 the acre. "The wealth of the South has been increased by the rising land values alone over $500,000,000." Washington would have the negroes to buy land, and to buy it now. If they do not, it will be only a little time before other purchasers will take it and make the most of it. Nothing could contribute more to the independence and progress of the 9,000,000 negroes in the South than for them to have in the next twenty years one or two hundred thousand intelligent, successful and independent farmers, composed of the educated men of the race, scattered throughout the country. "There are places in the South for 5,000 additional dry goods stores, and there are colored people enough to support these dry goods stores." Continuing in this strain, Washington said.

"There are openings in the South for at least 8,000 additional grocery stores, for 3,500 additional drug stores. There are openings in the South for 2,000 shoe stores, 2,000 millinery stores, and there are communities in the South where 2,000 additional negro banks can be opened and supported. Further than this, there are places in the South where at least seventy-five self-governing, self-supporting and self-directing towns or cities may be established where the colored people can have their own mayor, their own Board of Aldermen, their own self-government from every point of view. In the last analysis, local self-government is the most precious kind of self-government. "If none of these openings suit the ambition of our educated colored men and women, there is another field that is ripe for the harvest, that of education. There are 1,500,000 negro children of school age who do not enter any school in the South, and there are hundreds of thousands of others who are in school only three months out of the twelve months. We need 30,000 additional school houses built in the South, and we need, at least, 20,000 additional negro school teachers. But if the vision of the educated colored man cannot be realized in any of the callings to which I have referred, there are still further openings in the South. I refer to the opportunities in professional directions. There are individual locations in the South for at least 2,500 additional doctors and 3,000 additional pharmacists, 2,000 additional dentists and 1,000 veterinary surgeons."

This was the message Booker Washington delivered to the negroes at Wilberforce University. There was no whining, or self-abasement, or "wished he was a white man," or threat of seeking the interposition of the General Government in the development of the race; but a high, brave call to the improvement of the practically unlimited opportunities awaiting the race. Frankly, we wish it were possible to transport all the negroes in the country to the land of their ancestors. It is to be regretted that their number is so great in the South, and it would be far better for both whites and blacks in the South if a more equitable distribution of the colored people throughout this country could be provided; but the speech of Washington was the speech of a wise man, a man of vision, who, passing by the trifling question of the loaves and fishes of office, and leaving the political embarrassments to the consideration of the little men of the race and their near-sighted white sympathizers up North, strikes the true note for their deliverance—land, and more land, and independence. The negro who would rather be a third-rate white man than a first-rate black man will protest; but what this Virginian in a colored skin said so well will appeal to the judgment of sane men whatever their race or their place of residence.

THE SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, was in Philadelphia for a day last week, and he was singing the same old song of the industrial South, a song of which he never grows tired, and which he sings better than anybody else, because there are no minor chords in his arrangement of the music, and no accidental notes to startle the pessimists into action. This is part of what he told the Philadelphians about only one of the crops of the South:

"The net profit to the cotton growers of the South on last year's crop probably exceeded the total output for the same year of all the gold mines in the world. The total value of last year's crops was $963,000,000, the largest on record. In view of the high prices prevailing, it is quite safe to estimate the net profit at over $400,000,000. Between 1891 and 1901, the low-price period, when the South lost money on every crop, the average value of its cotton crop ran from about $350,000,000 to $400,000,000, or scarcely as much gross product as the net crop of last year. For the last four or five years the value of the South's cotton crop has been running from about $750,000,000 up to the magnificent total for the crop of 1910-11 of $963,000,000.

"The influence of the South's cotton crop not only upon the financial interest of the United States, but upon the commercial interest of the whole world can scarcely be overestimated. The total value of cotton and cotton products exported from the United States during the fiscal year ending with June will be over $700,000,000, or considerably more than one-third of the total exports of the United States."

That sounds well, and it is all true. The South is out of debt. The increased price of cotton has enabled the farmers to pay off hundreds of millions of mortgages, to improve their lands, to live in better houses, to enjoy more of the comforts and luxuries of life, to engage in larger operations. But cotton is not the only thing in the South by any means. We grow a good deal of corn and wheat and oats and hay down this way. We make more cotton goods than the whole country produced twenty-five years ago. We make more iron and mine more coal than the United States produced fifty years ago, and we have not yet got fairly started, and, thanks to Mr. Edmonds, he has made all the rest of the world know where we are and what we have and what we have been doing with it. As a missionary for the South and its resources, Edmonds stands at the head of the class. Sing on, Brother Edmonds; sing on!

SUICIDE BY SUGGESTION.

According to the American Academy of Medicine, "suicide is a private affair," and in order that the mortality on this account may be reduced the newspapers are requested to refrain from the publication of the details of self-destruction. Estimating the average value of a human life in dollars and cents at $3,000, the money loss to this country by suicide has amounted to $24,996,000.

The Academy would prevent this enormous waste, if possible, and invites the co-operation of the newspaper folk to the extent of making simple experiments of the influence of publicity upon this industry. It would have the newspapers to agree among themselves to refrain from publishing stories of suicide for the period of a month, and then that all of them in each city publish an account simultaneously of one such case, placing the story on the first page with suitable headlines, and to watch the result of such a method of handling this particular class of news. The Academy would have a careful account kept of the business and would like to have the data so assembled as a basis for further study.

Alienists are practically unanimous in the opinion that "the suggestive effect of the reading of details of suicides is a powerful factor in the causation of suicides among respectable individuals." After the publication of a spectacular suicide in Chicago, displayed upon the front pages of the newspapers in that city, several similar attempts almost immediately followed, thus showing the powerful influence of suggestion upon the human mind. If the results of the further inquiry the Academy would make sustain the view it has expressed, and show a direct relationship between the commission of suicide and the publication of the details of suicide, the Academy would recommend that "further persistence in the publication should be recognized as criminal," and punished, we suppose, as such.

In at least one of the States a law has been enacted making it a criminal offence for a newspaper to print the name of a woman upon whom a criminal assault has been made, and "the news" about such affairs has not suffered greatly in general interest by this ban on the license of the press. We do not think that suicide should be put in the same class of unpublishable crimes, and we do not think that the law should draw the lines too sharply in the regulation of the newspapers; but it must be admitted that a little less crime and a little more of something else would be welcomed by the newspaper reading public. Out West it is the "habit of the country" to hang horse thieves; but it is of no earthly interest to anybody in Virginia, where horse thieves do not abound, to have the story telegraphed at great expense half across the continent that Bill Bunsby was strung up by the neighbors at Tucson for having stolen Jack Jones's horse. There is too much of this sort of thing in the daily happenings of our varied and always interesting life. We should rather read about what sort of a dress Mrs. Smith wore at the Natural Bridge than the most exciting details of the hanging of a horse thief in the Yellowstone. Men and women who commit suicide are never exactly at themselves; some great sorrow, some great crime, some disappointment of fortune or affection probably upsets them, and if any of the number of such unfortunates could be saved by keeping the names of those who die by their own hands out of the papers, it would be well for the press to co-operate, even at the temporary sacrifice of "news," with the American Academy of Medicine.

GROWING EVERY DAY.

"Watch it Grow!" So we are commanded by Mr. Bryan in The Commoner, which he is now selling to new subscribers and to old subscribers who renew as well, we believe, for two years at the regular price for one, and they are pouring in at a most satisfactory rate, so that they can read more about what Our Candidate thinks on the paramount issues of the day and of all days until after the next Presidential election, when the office of publication will be moved from Lincoln to the White House in Washington. We notice among some of the latest arrivals such stalwart and patriotic citizens as the Grubbs, the Inskeeps, the Luckenbills, the Skinners, the Basses, the Eisenberrys, the Pidgeons and the Hackneys; their name is legion.

Mr. Faltz, of Wapekoneta, writes that he believes "if it was left to a popular vote here in Northwestern Ohio (direct vote by the people, again, it will be observed) a majority of the people would say that all reformation in the Democratic or Republican parties is due to Mr. Bryan's efforts. Let us give honor to whom honor is due." That's right; let's. That is very much what Mr. Bryan told the people in Newberry, South Carolina, the other day, and even if it do rub some of the bloom off that other great American peach at Oyster Bay, the truth is mighty and shall prevail.

This is not all, however. Mr. E. H. Fuller, of Colgate, North Dakota, in enclosing his dollar for two years of The Commoner, says: "I am a Republican, and have been an admirer of Mr. Bryan since the attitude he took at St. Louis in 1904, and shall closely follow his advice to the Democratic party. If they follow him I see no other result than a complete victory for the Democracy, but no hope for it to secure the progressive votes if they flirt with the pirates." We disremember exactly what the particular attitude of Mr. Bryan at St. Louis was that it should have caught the attention of this North Dakota Republican; but whatever it was it was no doubt right from some point of view.

Once more, Mr. J. F. Gereke, of Seward, Nebraska, writes: "I am doing all I can for The Commoner and for W. J. Bryan. Give my best regards to W. J. B. and tell him to go after those Democrats in Congress who are only there to protect the special interests. Let them be Democrats and Republicans; but we must know how they stand. That kind of work has been going on long enough." Indeed, it has. We must know who these people are, why they were sent to Congress and why they do not yield their right of individual judgment to the safe and winning leadership of Our Candidate, who has cut a wide swath in the ranks of the party and made the gentleman sitting over the ruins of Carthage look like a ten, twent' thirt' cent artist of the true old Bowery type when compared with one of the legitimate.

A GREAT TIME AT FALL RIVER.

Last week the one hundredth anniversary of the building of the first cotton mill in Fall River, Massachusetts, was celebrated. Friday was the big day of the festival. Mr. Taft was there, and he made himself very agreeable, and said some things that were worth saying. He did not attack any of the courts, did not jump at any of the heresies of the times because it looked as if the Fall River people were heading in their direction; but, as usual, was the same self-contained and loyal American citizen he has always been.

The celebration was a very brilliant and instructive affair, and the manufacturers rejoiced naturally that they have all been so prosperous, and probably laughed in their sleeves that they had made so much out of the raw cotton that the people who make the raw cotton might have made for themselves if they had not been obsessed of the idea, carefully cultivated by the late Edward Atkinson, that the Southern people could never acquire the manufacturing habit. There was one feature lacking in the celebration—the negro and the mule who (we always speak of the mule as "who," because he has more sense than anybody) make the cotton. That would have been an exhibit that would have given a fine touch to the affair. It cannot be remedied now, and by the time the Fall River people celebrate their second centennial they will all be domiciled in the South, where the cotton grows, and where the mule is held in high honor.

HARD ON HAMMOND.

If the New York World is not careful it will be recognized by every one as a common scold, instead of the strong, brave, helpful leader of public thinking that it has been and still is to a large degree. Just now it is firing away at John Hays Hammond, the personal representative of the President at the coronation of King George. It regards his appointment as "a radical departure from old ideals of diplomacy," the "most signal official recognition" dollar diplomacy has ever had. It speaks of Mr. Hammond as "the old associate of Barney Barnato and representative of Morgan and Guggenheim syndicate finance," and protests that there has been no more suggestive chapter in the development of dollar diplomacy than "the selection for this purely honorary mission of a man not eminent for letters, learning or public services, but of financial antecedents merely, and who conceives of his ambassadorship as 'not to be perfunctorily discharged,' but employed to cement commercial relations."

All that is bad, very bad, of course, and will be welcomed by all the boys as "the right sort of talk"; but all the reports from London show that Mr. Hammond has conducted himself with great propriety, and that the important people connected with the great celebration have taken to him very kindly, and treated him with much consideration. It is doubtful that Colonel Roosevelt, who is eminent for letters, learning and public services—he is the only man in this country who could have come up to the specifications on all these points—could have done any better. Possibly, if the President had been advised of the sort of representative he should have selected for this occasion he could have picked out a man who, without knowing any more than Mr. Hammond, could have had less money; but such a man would have felt like a poor boy at a frolic.

When it comes to public demonstrations where great pomp and ceremony are required, we have found that the plain people always take a special pride in having their representative weed as wide a row as any of their rich neighbors. Even the rednecks and hill-billies like a good deal of style in their "champeens." The World will recover from its present censorious disposition, however. It doesn't approve of Ambassador Hammond, who has only lasted for a day or two; but it praises Mr. Taft for his judicial appointments, saying that "the United States Supreme Court has always been a great court, but it was probably never greater than it is now." So long as dollar politics can be kept off the bench it does not matter very much if occasionally a rich man is selected for show. Besides, John Hays Hammond is much more than a rich man—he is a good fellow and recognized throughout the world we believe, as the first man in his profession.

AFTER THE MAGAZINES.

There appears to be a combination in restraint of trade among the magazine publishers, and civil and criminal proceedings have been instituted in the United States Court in New York. John Thomas Wood, who does a general subscription business at No. 1 Madison Avenue, has sued the Periodical Clearing-House for $100,000 damages for having conspired to ruin his business. Last year he did business to the amount of $60,000; but because of the wrongful acts of the defendants, he finds that his business has been wrecked, destroyed, and he is unable to carry out his existing contracts. Among the serious charges made by Mr. Wood is that the Periodical Clearing-House has passed a resolution that no subscription agent may take more than five cents profit for a subscription on any periodical, and that for each case of miscalculation of the rates arranged by the Clearing House, or of rebates by the publisher, the agent will be fined $25 for each magazine. Worse than this, another resolution adopted by the same criminal Clearing House is a fine of $500 for any violation not covered by the $25 fine resolution. Wood claims that the Clearing House has fined him an excessive sum, and notified him that the amount of the fine will be taken out of the sums to be paid him for subscriptions he has obtained. The Clearing House now owes him, according to his calculations, $10,000, and he can't get the money. Hence his suit for $100,000 damages, which the Clearing House is perfectly able to pay.

This is the civil side of the case against the magazine publishers; but there is a criminal side also, the features of which we do not yet know, but which we are quite ready to accept. As for Wood, he has no responsibility whatsoever, as we understand, in the production of the magazines, does not own a dollar in any one of the very valuable shops where the magazines are printed, and if he do not like the business, and is not satisfied with the money he is making by selling something that does not belong to him, there is no way by which he can be compelled to keep on doing what it does not pay him to do. Why doesn't he quit? Why doesn't he let the magazines go on without his help? If they think they can get along without him, why doesn't he let them find out that they can't? But if he can get that $100,000 damages, and has not made too liberal terms with the attorneys who are representing him in the case, he would be in position to look around for something else to do that would probably pay him better.

We notice with entire approval that Colonel George Harvey, of the Harper concern, is one of the nefarious Clearing House who has been particularly summoned to clear up the misunderstanding between his predatory organization and the complainant in this suit. He is to be examined, along with Mr. Lanier, of The Review of Reviews, for the purpose of finding out who fined Mr. Wood, why he was fined, and what publishers were present at the meeting when the fine or fines were imposed. It is not unlikely that more than one of the muckrakers of the magazine crowd, who have been raking everybody else, will "bite the dust" before this investigation is over. At least, it is hoped so; and when the criminal prosecutions begin it is hoped that the Court will allow considerable latitude to the Government lawyers, so that these people who have treated Mr. Wood so badly will be required to explain how much they have cost the Government by sending their publications through the mails at the newspaper rate of postage. It's a long lane that has no turn, and it looks as if the magazine publishers are about to be brought into the light in a way that will not greatly advance the confidence of the country in their impeccability. Mr. Sheriff, call George Harvey!

THE CARS THAT SMOKE.

They do some things in New York better than they are done in Richmond. Last Thursday, in the Yorkville, Jefferson Market and West Side police courts in that town twenty-seven chauffeurs paid from $2 to $5 each for allowing their motor cars to smoke. One of the chauffeurs admitted that he had been arrested eighteen times for the same offense, and he was fined $5—it ought to have been $500 and he should have been sent to jail to boot. The good work will go on, it is hoped, as the Evening Sun expresses it, until "not only twenty-seven, but seventy times twenty-seven fines" have been imposed and the nuisance abated. After awhile the reform will reach Richmond.

It is very hard to please everybody. While the coronation festivities were at their height, "An Old Reader" protested that he was tired of it and wanted something else to read, and the day when the pace was slacking up a bit a lovely English woman called at the office to inquire why so little had been said about the greatest event in the history of the world, and to offer a piece of interesting intelligence upon the subject.

"'Bugs' Raymond," says the Houston Post, "has been fined $200 and suspended indefinitely. 'Bugs' will never recover from the influences of that year in Charleston." As matter of fact, "Bugs" was never heard of before that year in Charleston. Greatness was actually thrust upon him, and so intelligent was the advertising he received that it was easy enough for the home club to sell him for about $1,500, or as much as three likely slaves would have fetched in Connecticut when it was discovered that "the institution" would not pay in that godly commonwealth.

Voice of the People

The Summer School at the U. of Va.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I want to express my admiration and approval of the Summer School here at the University of Virginia. It is now a well-established institution with an attendance of 1,300 last year.

The possibilities for good of this school (though the session is only six weeks) are very great and will reach the great body of the people in even closer touch than does the regular student body in the regular session.

It will standardize and give tone to all the secondary schools of the State and bring them in proper touch with the State University. One has but to see one of the classes at work here in our laboratories and lecture rooms to prove that they are in real earnest—to help themselves and the cause of public education.

The historical pageant on the Fourth of July is now an annual feature of the session, and is well worth a trip to Charlottesville. This outdoor spectacle was most artistically gotten up last July, and the beautiful lawn and arcades give a proper setting for it.

Charlottesville, Va., June 24, 1911.

The Historical Pageant at the University of Virginia.

In paint and powder, deft and sweet,
In furbelows—with fairy feet
She steps from out the Past.
And marks a stately minuet
With nameless Knights and Squires, well met,
With a gallant grace you'll not forget.

Erstwhile a woman—now a Queen,
She witches all the College Green,
With her glorious smile,
And marks a stately minuet
With nameless Knights and Squires, well met
With a courtly grace you'll not forget.

No outworn Age but seems renewed
In Woman's ever-changing mood
(She learned of Dio's daughter),
And marks a stately minuet
With nameless Knights and Squires, well met
With an ancient grace you'll not forget.

EDMOND FONTAINE.
Charlottesville, Va., July 4, 1910.

Daily Queries and Answers

Prismatic Colors.

Why is it that when you look at the sun or any other bright spot and then look in another direction you see little images of it, if you blink your eyes rapidly, of all colors, blue, green, purple, etc.? S. R.

Prismatic colors come of refracted or divided rays of light. A full ray is white, but when broken the component parts take all the colors. The intense light of the sun has, of course, a bewildering effect on the eye, and what is seen following a gaze at the luminary is an illusion produced from that cause.

Amazons.

Who were the legendary women of Scythia in heroic age? C. H.

These were the fabled Amazons of whom you should read more fully than we have space to give. The Amazons mainly are represented to have come from the country above the Caucasus. But there were also Scythian Amazons (Scythia was Southern Russia) allied to those of Asia.

Secret Service.

To what department should one make application for a position in the Secret Service Department of the United States? C. S.

Department of the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Fraternal Orders.

Which fraternal order has the largest membership? What is the membership of the Woodmen of the World? X.

The order having the greatest membership is the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. The membership of the Woodmen of the World is, sovereign jurisdiction, 500,369.

Three Fates.

Please tell me the names of the three fates. L. W.

Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

Widow's Name.

When the husband dies does the widow retain his given name or take her given name? H. M.

In proper construction the widow of John Smith is as much Mrs. John Smith as when he lived, but widows use their own option in such matters. If a woman uses the title Mrs. in signing her name she should follow it with her husband's name. That is, she should sign herself Mrs. John Smith. But without the title she should use her own Christian name, Mary Smith. This applies to widows as well as wives.

Horsepower, How Estimated.

How is the horsepower of an engine calculated? J. E. R.

The horsepower adopted as a unit in estimating the force of a steam engine is 33,000 pounds raised one foot in one minute, a feat that but few horses can perform. A rough way of estimating the horsepower of steam engines is to multiply together the area of the piston in inches, the mean steam pressure in pounds per square inch, the length of the stroke in feet and the number of strokes per minute and divide the product by 33,000.

First in White House.

Who was the first President to make his home or live in the White House? H. W.

John Adams held the first New Year's reception there January 1, 1801, and had occupied it several months before that time.

Mr. Crittenden.

What are the initials of Mr. Crittenden, who established the Florence Crittenden homes? Is he still living, and how many homes have been established? C. M.

Mr. Crittenden is dead. The latest published data, 1909, shows seventy-eight homes in the United States and five in foreign countries. The amount invested in those, in America alone, is $771,900. In one year, 1905, these homes were caring for 20,000 women and girls and 1,500 homeless children.

Reciprocity Agreement.

"When the reciprocity agreement becomes a law will it be possible for England to bring her products through Canada into this country free?" W.

No. Only Canadian products will benefit by the treaty, and that doesn't mean that they will all come in free.

BARON MOUNTGARRET LIBERAL IN POLITICS

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

VISCOUNT MOUNTGARRET, who has just received a Barony of the United Kingdom, on the occasion of the King's coronation, which will give him a seat in the House of Lords, is a Liberal in politics, and for this reason has never been elected as one of the representative peers of Ireland, the overwhelming majority of Irish peers who have a voice in these elections being Unionists. The founder of Mountgarret and the Barony of Kells, to which he has hitherto been restricted, are Irish peerages, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, when they were bestowed upon a younger son of the eighth Earl of Ormonde, by Edward VI. Lord Mountgarret therefore represents a junior branch of the great Irish house of Butler, of which the present Marquis of Ormonde is the chief, and is a very rich man, having inherited a large fortune from his mother, in addition to that which came to him through his father.

The latter was the defendant in the famous Mountgarret peerage case, which was one of the causes celebre of the nineteenth century. He was a grandson of the eleventh viscount, by that peer's third son, the Hon. Henry Butler. Henry, after eloping with a married woman, and then deserting her, became the lover of a widow, a Mrs. Colebrook, described as one of the most beautiful and fascinating women of the day. She had a large income, bequeathed to her by Colonel Colebrook, on condition of her not marrying again. One child was born to Henry Butler, and to Mrs. Colebrook, and then a certain John Taaffe (a member of that noble Irish house to which the late Viscount Taaffe, at one and the same time prime minister and an Irish peer, belonged) came upon the scene, as a rival of the Hon. Henry Butler.

One night Henry Butler broke into Mrs. Colebrook's house at Edinburgh, while John Taaffe was there. Mrs. Colebrook locked Taaffe in a cupboard, in order to conceal him, and then went downstairs to try to pacify Henry Butler. Nothing would satisfy him but that a ceremony should then and there take place, which should bind her to him for all time, according to the law of Scotland. So the servants were summoned upstairs to the bed-room, and there, in the presence of them all, Henry Butler and Mrs. Colebrook joined hands, and proclaimed themselves man and wife, John Taaffe being meanwhile locked up in the cupboard, and kicking at the door in vain.

Then Butler took his departure, and Taaffe came out of the cupboard. Five months later, utterly regardless of this ceremony, Mrs. Colebrook married John Taaffe, whose father thereupon disinherited him, and immediately afterwards Henry Butler wedded a Yorkshire lady, a Miss Anne Harrison, in the parish church of Harrowgate, in England. It was this wife who was the mother of the late and thirteenth Lord Mountgarret.

On the death of the twelfth Viscount Mountgarret, who had been created Earl of Kilkenny, and who left no children, his nephew, the son of his youngest brother, the Hon. Henry Butler, and of Miss Anne Harrison, assumed the Viscounty of Mountgarret, and took possession of the estates, but soon found that his retention thereof was contested by Pierce Somerset Butler, the son of his father's youngest brother, who claimed the honors and the property, on the ground that Henry Butler's English marriage to Miss Anne Harrison had been invalid, by reason of his previous Scotch union to Mrs. Colebrook.

The case, that is to say, the suit for the ownership of the estates, was tried at Kilkenny in 1884, and a decree was granted in favor of the plaintiff, Pierce Somerset Butler. But this judgment was reversed in the following year on appeal, the courts declining to believe the extraordinary story of the Scotch marriage, of which there was no documentary evidence.

Lord Mountgarret has disposed of most of his extensive estates in County Kilkenny to his tenantry, under the Irish land act, retaining, however, Mountgarret Castle and the park by which it is surrounded, and spends most of his time at Nidd Hall, one of his three places in Yorkshire.

Aretas Akers-Douglas, who was created a viscount on Monday last by King George, on the occasion of his coronation, was the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in the last Unionist Cabinet, is a member of the bar, and has been prominently identified with the Conservative party for more than thirty years, being in charge of the party machine as far back as in 1883. He made his name as a whip, being indeed the most successful party whip of modern times, and was credited with so unique a knowledge of the forms and usages of the House of Commons, of the individual views, the weaknesses, the foibles, the strength and the capabilities of the various members of his party, that it is said the late Lord Salisbury never adopted a policy, nor appointed a minister, without consulting him. He is the only son of the late Aretas Akers, of Malling Abbey, near Maidstone, in Kent; was with Arthur Balfour, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Esher at Eton, and with Lord Gladstone at University College, Oxford; and about thirty-seven years ago succeeded to the beautiful and valuable Chilston Park estate, in Kent, as well as to a large fortune, under the will of his cousin, Stoddard Douglas, Tory member of Parliament for Rochester, and at the same time, in obedience to the testamentary requirements of the bequest, assumed with the consent of the crown the arms of his cousin, and his patronymic. That is how he happens to be Akers-Douglas.

Chilston Park is about ten or fifteen miles from Maidstone, stands on the far side of an extensive lake, the principal source of which is the River Stour, which flows through it, on past Canterbury and Sandwich, finding its way into the sea at Pegwell Bay. The older part of the house dates from the fifteenth century, and is of stone, while the newer portion, of the early Georgian era, is in red brick, dating from 1727. The house is famous for its magnificent old oak paneling, hundreds of years old, as well as for its wood carvings, and its old masters; while the great park is full of majestic trees which were already old in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Akers-Douglas is distinguished for his imperturbable temper, his tact, and his great charm of manner, all of which go to bind both friends and foes to his lack of genius and of brilliancy. No man is reckoned better company in the smoking room, none is a more welcome guest in a shooting party, which rarely includes a better gun than himself, while where he particularly shines is in the plowing matches and other rural diversions of East Kent. He is married to a daughter of Horatio Austen Smith, of Hayes Court, another Kentish territorial magnate, and has a number of children. So that the continuance of the peerage just bestowed upon him is well assured.

The only other prominent Conservative politician who was raised to the House of Lords during the past week, in connection with the coronation, is Sir Alexander Acland Hood, who has received a barony, who was vice-chamberlain of the royal household during the last year of Queen Victoria's reign, and for twelve months following the accession of Edward VII. He is a soldier by profession, served with the Grenadier Guards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and spent two years out in Australia, as Governor of Victoria. He owns two baronetcies, namely, that bestowed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, upon Sir Hugh Bateman, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his daughters, primogeniturely; and the Hood baronetcy bestowed upon Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, for his splendid naval services and victories during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the first ten years of the nineteenth century. Sir Alexander owns a great deal of property in Somersetshire, his principal country seat being St. Audries, on the eastern shore of Minehead Bay, the park sloping right down to the beach, with a magnificent view from the house, over Exmoor and the sea. St. Audrie is of course St. Ethelreda, who was honored in England in olden days, under the pretty name of St. Audrie, or Audry.